

## CHARIVARIA.

WHILE the decision which has been arrived at in South Africa as to the Capital is not a very satisfactory one, it is undoubtedly more practical than the proposal that Capetown should be the Capital on Mondays and Tuesdays, Bloemfontein on Wednesdays and Thursdays, and Pretoria on Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays. \*\*

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL declared at Nottingham that the Unionists have no policy on unemployment. Mr. CHURCHILL is mistaken. The Unionist policy is to provide unemployment for the present Government. \*\*

If the latest statement about the KRUGER telegram be correct, the KAISER's plight is even worse than it was. Not only may he not send any telegrams in the future, but he is to be deprived of one already sent. \*\*

Mr. JACK BINNS, of the liner *The Republic*, has been dubbed "The WirelessHero"; surely this appellation belongs by right now to Someone Else? \*\*

Poor Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE! His Budget difficulties increase. Last week some burglars stole from a Manchester post-office a safe containing £40 for paying Old Age Pensions. \*\*

Paris has spoken. Breadth instead of attenuation is to be the note of the new fashions, and stout ladies who, owing to their inability to wear Directoire costumes, have been in hiding in forests and on inaccessible mountains, are now flocking back to Town. \*\*

The War Office has now perfected its plans for providing hospitals for our home defenders in the event of invasion. We understand that kind-hearted enemies will now have less compunction in coming over. \*\*

The Berlin police have given permission to a German lady who has a moustache and whiskers to wear man's clothes as her appearance in female garb gave rise to public annoyance. Have we here, perhaps the Super-suffragette?

The fog again? Extract from *The Daily Mail* fashion page:—

NOVELTY OF THE WEEK.

Black "Chokers" for Evening Wear. \*\*

By-the-bye, a man who was charged with stealing a watch from an old gentleman during the recent fog put forward the disingenuous defence that the fog was so dense that he could not see what he was doing. \*\*

"Part of the ancient cathedral," we read, "has been discovered at the rear of a house in Priory Row, at a depth of ten feet." It seems a mean kind of theft. \*\*

In *The Nation's* advertisement columns "The Old Swan," Manchester, mentions as its chief attraction:—"Best and most

more attractive." We have now received a letter, too long for insertion, from "Claphamite," challenging the latter part of the statement.

## HOW THE BAD NEWS WAS MARRED.

"NEVER!" said Aunt Emily.

"Fact," said Miss Todd.

"A flat in Sloane Street and a motor!"

"M-m-m," nodded Miss Todd.

"But," objected Aunt Emily, "his salary can't be more than seven hundred, and fifty."

"And then there's the cottage in the country," chimed in Aunt Catherine.

"And the houseboat," added Miss Todd with a smile.

"Poor things, I pity them," said Aunt Emily.

"Had *she* any money?" asked Aunt Catherine.

Miss Todd said, "Why, she was only a country vicar's daughter, and one of twelve."

"Some people seem to be able to live on credit nowadays," remarked Aunt Catherine drily.

"And just think how she dresses!" sighed Aunt Emily.

"Isn't it foolish?" said Aunt Catherine.

"Mark—my—words!" said Miss Todd.

"The crash is bound to come," said Aunt Emily.

And then the crash came. I broke it to them that he had private means.



"AND GRASPS THE SKIRTS OF HAPPY CHANCE."—Tennyson.

reliable train information." And next week, we take it, we shall have a rival hostelry informing us that what it does not know about omnibuses is not worth knowing. \*\*

While playing a rapid passage last week at a recital in New York, PADE-REWSKI split the nail of his right forefinger, and, according to *The World*, has made a claim for £1,000 against the Society in which he is insured. The effect of this will probably be that in future an agent of the Society will attend every performance, and will shout out, "Gently!" whenever the pianist shows signs of becoming excited. \*\*

Last week a correspondent wrote to *The Daily Mail* stating that "Naples, Rome, and Florence are about as safe as Clapham Common, and a great deal

## UNKNOWN SAYINGS OF THE WEEK.

(With apologies to the *Daily Papers*.)

MR. F. E. LACEY.—I am in a position to deny the report that Mr. CLEM HILL's withdrawal from the Australian team is due to the refusal of the M.C.C. to allow his brother to field for him in Test Matches.

MR. VICTOR GRAYSON.—Procrastination is not the *only* thief of time.

MR. JUSTICE DARLING.—No (loud laughter).

MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.—I did not say that if I were a King I should change my name to Bernard Dotty. I think I should make an excellent King.

## HER RETURN.

*Being a wholly imaginative anticipation of the Proceedings at the Palace on the historic night.*

It has come at last, the long-desired evening, the evening of Her re-appearance. How long we have waited, but how rich our reward! Not only all the old dances that we love so much, the Biblical hornpipe as of old round that charming property from TUSSAUD'S, but new ones too, more convulsively spiritual, more devoutly delirious, more sacredly serpentine than ever.

Before the dancing began, an ode to the Artiste from the emotional pen of Sir ERNEST CASSEL was read by Sir JOHN FISHER, containing these memorable lines:—

"Barefooted Bacchanal, would that I were  
KIPLING,  
To celebrate thy marvellous arm-rippling."

As She entered the theatre by the stage door, it might be stated here, more than 1,000 photographers blocked the way, some with cameras, others merely waiting to make appointments. She was also waited upon by a deputation of hosiers asking that in one dance, at any rate, she would wear stockings or their trade would be gone. The letters awaiting Her totalled 3,425, and there were 873 telegrams of congratulation. During the evening 114 floral tributes reached the theatre.

The new dances were four in number, and in them She personated in turn PHARAOH'S Daughter in her famous fandango known tastefully as the bull rush; JEPHTHAH'S Daughter in her final macabre Hebrew fling, on hearing of her father's vow and her own fate; URIAH'S wife in her *pas de liberté* after the battle; and JEZEBEL in her defiant tarantella before a waxen ELIJAH—all new and all marvellously restrained (not only in dress) and full of Scriptural tact.

What an evening!

Needless to say, every one was there; all the old admirers and many new: a portly and handsome Canon in his stall following every movement with all his accustomed reverence and rapture. "It was like reading the Bible by flashes of lightning," he said afterwards; the PRIME MINISTER in a private box; Mr. WALKLEY, inarticulate even in French or Greek in his ecstasy; and a deputation from the Bible Society. There were also all the critics, the AGENT-GENERAL OF CANADA, Sir GILBERT PARKER, M.P., and the Mayor of Frognaal.

At the end of the turn the applause lasted fourteen minutes, and She was led on eleven times. Free restoratives were then distributed in the theatre, ambulances removed those admirers who were too far gone to remain any longer, and the programme proceeded. Late at

night she was drawn to her residence at Frognaal in a carriage from which the horses had been removed, the PRIME MINISTER, Mr. WALKLEY, Mr. ALFRED BUTT and a number of other ardent gentlemen taking their places. Never was such a triumph.

## A DOG'S LIFE.

[According to an order which has just been issued, any dog found in the streets within the Metropolitan area unaccompanied by its master within one hour after sunset and one hour before sunrise will be liable to seizure by the police.]

YE brindled bulls and chow-dogs,  
Ye poodles, poms and Skyes,  
Ye banded crew of Scotties too,  
I summon you to rise.  
It is the moment now, dogs,  
To listen to my call,  
Whether ye be of pedigree  
Or no degree at all.

These bipeds in the manger  
Threaten a fearful fate  
To any hound that toddles round  
The streets a little late.  
Our liberty's in danger;  
Gay dogs must be unknown,  
For after dark no canine spark  
May wander forth alone.

No more, 'mid flying motors,  
Shall we be free to work  
The gutters where delicious fare  
Is always sure to lurk.  
The tasty tails of bloaters,  
The cod-heads we adore—  
These are delights at which o' nights  
Our tails shall wag no more.

No more the midnight cabby  
Shall raise his "Tally-ho!"  
When Irish Pat rounds up the cat  
That would a-wooing go.  
Henceforward Tom and Tabby  
May court at ease and gloat  
O'er our grim doom who can but fume  
To hear their wooin' o't.

No longer may a bow-wow  
Fed up with fender joys,  
Steal off to meet along the street  
The rowdy-dowdy boys.  
There'll be a horrid pow-wow  
Unless he's pleased to stew  
Beside the fire with no desire  
To sow an oat or two.

Our masters mean to keep us  
Cribbed in convention's pen,  
Prim, *comme il faut*, until we grow  
E'en duller dogs than men.  
With bitter wrongs they heap us,  
Regardless of our rights—  
Each dog, they say, still has his day,  
But we demand our nights.

"He has not forgotten that the young lion cub is spotted almost like a tiger."—*Daily Telegraph*.  
Instead of being striped like a leopard.

## BRIGHT SUGGESTIONS FOR DARK EVENINGS.

*To make a Whatnot.*—This is really a simple matter. Procure a piano-case and, having removed the piano, take to pieces. You will now have more than enough wood for your purpose, which you may proceed to carry out in accordance with your own ideas. Individualism should be the dominant note in your work. Having done it, varnish, and invite your envious friends to view your handiwork.

*To make a Suit of Clothes.*—Remove old suit. Take a bale of cloth and cut off bits and stitch them together until it fits. Add as many pockets as your requirements call for. Paste lining on inside of suit and cut hole at top to allow head to protrude. Many a good suit has been spoiled by neglect of this point. Complete with hat, boots and Ascot tie; these had best be purchased, and give a very dressy appearance.

*To prepare a Coat of Arms.*—The usual way to set about this task is to send a cheque to the Pursuivant of Fees, Family Herald's Office. This indefatigable official will send a beautiful Coat warranted to fit any person who does not care to appear in plebeian shirt-sleeves. You may, however, save expense by preparing the Coat yourself in the following manner. Take a few art lessons from a good ticket-writer, and on some mill-board draw a shield. Embellish this with suitable designs. For instance, if your family is extremely old (as no doubt is the case), draw a Flood; this makes a very nice quartering. Other effective designs, emblematic of your chief attainments and characteristics, are a case of fish-knives argent (athletic distinction), view of Boulogne (travel), entrance to local Polytechnic (the Arts), Wimbledon Common (military prowess)—and so on. Other themes will suggest themselves as you go on. Finish off with appropriate motto, such as *Solvitur Dorando*, or *Sapo Simianus togas non lavat*. The general effect is very pleasing.

*A useful Reference Book.*—Think of as many words as you can beginning with A, such as arquebus, Algernon Ashton, "Answers," and so on. There are many others. Write them down with suitable explanations, and proceed in this manner through the alphabet. Towards the end, your task will be rendered surprisingly easy by the fact that there are practically no words beginning with X, Y, or Z. There is money in this idea, for a reliable book of this kind would sell well, and many publishers would be glad to consider your MS. In any case you will have broken the monotony of bridge-playing and pantomimes.



## THE NEAR-EAST PANTOMIME.

"THE FAIRY BRUINA; OR, THE IMPECUNIOUS TURK, THE RELUCTANT BULGAR, AND THE OUSTED AUSTRIAN."

THE FAIRY BRUINA. "LO, I DISPERSE THIS WARLIKE  
SITUATION:  
FOR ME A MOST CONGENIAL OCCUPATION."

THE WAR DEMON. "I'D HOPED THE EAST IN BLOOD-  
SHED TO EMBROIL,  
BUT THIS SMALL CHEQUE MY PLANS WILL COUNTER-  
FOIL."







"Oh! I DO LOVE 'EM IN THOSE HATS - MUFTIS THEY CALL 'EM."

### BINNS OF THE "REPUBLIC."

[Mr. JACK BINNS, of the White Star liner *Republic*, declined the offer of an engagement at a New York music-hall at £200 a week in the following terms:—"I can't act. I'm a wireless operator, and I don't want to be made a tin god."]

BINNS, wireless operator, by fear of death undashed  
When his liner with another in mid-Atlantic clashed,  
Stuck to his job and did it for fourteen hours or more,  
And proved the means of bringing several hundreds safe to shore.

BINNS, wireless operator, on touching Yankee soil,  
The wiles of lion-hunters found it precious hard to foil;  
For if he went to see a play they brought him on the stage,  
And the practice of embracing him in public was the rage.

BINNS, wireless operator, continually threw  
Cold water on his worshippers, but still the frenzy grew,  
Till a music-hall proprietor, considering him a freak,  
Came and offered an engagement at two hundred pounds a week.

BINNS, wireless operator, is not a millionaire,  
But the loss of self-respect involved was more than he could bear,  
So in spite of all the blandishments of BARNUM and his tribe,  
He firmly but politely refused the tempting bribe.

BINNS, wireless operator, you simple British soul,  
Whose name is worthy to be inscribed on Valour's golden scroll,  
Most truly may your countrymen of your achievements say,  
"Tu saltem bene meruisti de Republica!"

### Commercial Candour.

From an Investors' Exchange circular:—

"We give advice free, and if no business results, no harm is done."

### MONOLOGUES.

(Designed to anticipate and prevent talking on the part of shop-keepers and others.)

#### I.—THE BARBER'S SHOP.

Good morning. I want a shave, please. It is rather a chilly morning, but I do not think it will rain. I take no interest whatever in professional football or in horse-racing. Mind that spot. Neither you nor I know anything about the GERMAN EMPEROR. Your razor needs stopping; it may be a wonderful little razor, but it needs stopping. Spray and powder, but no alum block. I do not want a shampoo. Nor a singe, friction, or anything else that you do. I have no money to buy soap or razors. Good morning.

#### II.—THE HOSIER'S SHOP.

I want a collar measuring 16 by 2½, and only one. I don't care what reduction you make on half-a-dozen, I will not have more than one. I see you are about to say that you are bringing out a new line in shirts containing improved features suggested by your customers, but I tell you as man to man that I do not want any shirts. And further, I say to you solemnly that I will not be persuaded, cajoled, or bullied into buying any shirts. There is nothing more that I wish for now except to get out of your shop. I refuse to discuss the weather. How much? Thank you.

#### III.—THE DISTRICT RAILWAY BOOKING OFFICE.

Temple, and I don't want a guide to the country walks that can be reached by your railway, thank you.

#### IV.—THE TUBE LIFT.

Here is my ticket. I won't smoke and I'll stand clear of the gates.

## THE MOUSE.

I THINK this story is going to be an apologue, because I have always intended to write an apologue, and something seems to tell me that I shall manage to do it this time. Of course I know that an apologue must have an application. In the old-fashioned sort there was never any mistake about the application. There couldn't possibly be two opinions as to what the man was driving at; and when you got to the end of the story you were quite comfortable. "Aha," you said to yourself, "that's a nasty one for the Socialists, that bit about the fox and the lion," or, "I wonder what the House of Lords will think about the crocodile and the swimmer; it's a fairly nasty knock." That, as I said, was the old-fashioned sort. But there's a new kind that has come in recently. It leaves you guessing. You can't quite make out whether the writer is having a hit at the GERMAN EMPEROR or only expressing some opinion or other about Miss CHRISTABEL PANKHURST or BERNARD SHAW. I don't say my apologue is going to be exactly of that kind, but it will be somewhere near it. You'll be able to apply it to anybody you like (or dislike, for the matter of that)—your coachman, your chauffeur, your housemaid, your wife, or the Chairman of the local branch of the Tariff Reform League. Anyhow, I may as well begin, and you can decide the rest for yourself later on.

There was once a mouse. I am not acquainted with its family history, for I only saw it, so to speak, from the outside, but it seemed a very amiable little mouse, confident and frisky, and as neat and quick as a mouse can be. It lived somewhere in the hinterland of the wainscoting in the dining-room, and sometimes, when the human family was at breakfast or lunch, it would suddenly pop out and glide along the floor, or even scale a side-table and dart about or pause for a moment, as if it had remembered some very important business that ought to be attended to. When they saw it the children stopped talking and held their breath, and then one of them would whisper, "There's our dear little mouse," and then with a quick flash the mouse had scurried off under the old grandfather's clock that ticked away for ever and ever so slowly and solemnly.

Now in this house there was a butler. His name was Black, and he had once been a dragoon. At present he was a very stout man, and you couldn't fancy him riding a horse, except, perhaps, one of the huge horses which used to draw the brewers' drays about the lanes. Mr. Black did not like mice. He had heard about this particular mouse, and he did what any other butler would have done. He decided that the mouse ought to be caught, and he got two traps and set them in the dining-room. This was in the morning before breakfast. There was a piece of cheese in one trap; the other had a scrap of bacon. I shouldn't have dreamt of touching either, but then mice are so different.

When the children came down to breakfast they immediately saw the traps, and they ran to the Lady-of-the-house and asked her what these funny machines meant. And the Lady-of-the-house said they were meant for a mouse. If the mouse got into one the trap would go snap and pin the mouse down very tight. "But will the mouse like that?" said the youngest child. And the Lady-of-the-house said "No; the mouse wouldn't like it at all;" and she took the two traps and sprung them, and then she opened the window and threw them both into some thick bushes that grew close by. And soon afterwards the mouse paid his morning visit, and was well received as usual.

Now when the butler came in to clear away the breakfast things he saw at once that the traps were gone. He looked for them under side-boards and tables, thinking a mouse might in its struggles have dragged each of them away; but of course he didn't find them—only made himself hot

and angry. When he was angry his mind, curiously enough, always turned to the boy in buttons, who was his household slave. "That varmint of a boy," he said to himself, "has been up to his tricks again. He's took off the two traps to have some game of his own with them." Then he went into the pantry, where he found the boy, and taxed him with taking the traps and converting them to his own use. The boy poured himself out in honest denials, but Mr. Black was not to be mollified. He said it was a clear case, and he took his old razor-strop from its hook and applied it not at all lightly to the boy, who wriggled and protested, but all in vain. "If they'd given you more of this sooner," said Mr. Black, "I shouldn't have to trouble with you now."

In the meantime the old mother-cat left her six-weeks-old kitten in the kitchen, and, proceeding along the passage, made her way into the dining-room. She also had heard of the mouse, and her decision had been the same as the butler's, though she was accustomed to work without traps. She paused on the hearthrug to arrange her toilet. Then she crouched low, her eyes gleamed, she flicked her tail from side to side and made a swift spring. There was a tiny squeak, and the cat said, "I've got him," or cat-words to that effect.

Listen, however. The kitten, a pertish youngster, had issued from its basket and had, after an interval, followed its mother into the passage, where it stopped to reconnoitre by the pantry-door. It was at this moment that Mr. Black, having finished his strop-swinging, came out flushed but triumphant. He did not see the kitten; the kitten failed to avoid him, and the butler's foot descended heavily on the little animal. With a shrill squawk of terror and pain the kitten extricated itself, and Mr. Black, impeded in his stride, lurched to the ground. The cat heard the sound of her off-spring's woe. She dropped the mouse and raced to help. The mouse, more frightened than hurt, dragged itself to safety, and the Lady-of-the-house, coming suddenly into the passage for a consultation with the cook, found the butler prostrate on the floor.

Now the only person who was thoroughly pleased was the boy—and he had had the strop. The cat wasn't pleased; the kitten was far from pleased; the mouse had escaped, but there was no pleasure about it; the butler had suffered in his dignity; and the Lady-of-the-house was amused, but puzzled, for she knew that the hole-in-the-carpet alleged by the butler did not exist.

"Silly old fathead," said the boy, "that'll teach him to come his strop-games over me."

## OUR SWEEP.

Like other sweeps, when starting his career,

He early learned the motto of his trade;

He saw it at the entrance, well displayed,

"Abandon soap, all ye who enter here!"

And judging by his looks it would appear

He read the grim commandment, and obeyed,

For still his face grows darker, shade by shade,  
More manifestly sable, year by year.

He rises early and is moved to song,

This much he has in common with the lark;

Thereafter the resemblance isn't strong,

For any one who hears him may remark

His notes are few in number and belong

Midway between the bellow and the bark.

"George Gray, jun., recently made 464 off the red ball."—*The Daily Mail*.

It must have been this player who recently lost the red and made 101 off the white.

**LEARNING MADE LUCRATIVE.**

[With apologies to "The Evening News."]

**START READING HERE**

THIS IS WHERE IT BEGINS.

We have decided to award no fewer than 100 scholarships to our boy and girl readers (either sex), children of newsagents alone excepted.

The scholarships will entitle the lucky little winners and the unlucky little losers to go in for any profession they like—the Church, the Law, Army and Navy Stores, Post Office, Bee-keeping, River Police, &c., &c., thereby relieving their parents of their presence at home, and obtaining a huge start in the Marathon race of life.

There is, of course, a sort of preliminary examination, but if you can spell "accommodation" and words like that there is nothing to fear. Filling up the Voting Coupons is the principal thing.

N.B.—No son, daughter, mother, employee or other impedimenta of a newsagent can be a candidate.

**WE WANT SUBSCRIBERS**

to have all the benefit.

A voting coupon will appear in this paper every day after Feb. 29th, but not till then.

On that day full particulars of the preliminary examination will also be published.

Every reader (barring newsagents) has a vote.

3 years' subscription entitles you to ...	2,000 votes.
6 years' subscription entitles you to ...	4,000 "
12 years' subscription entitles you to ...	8,000 "
15 years' subscription entitles you to ...	10,000 "
and a medal.	

The position of the leading candidates will be published every day. It will crowd out a good deal of matter which we would otherwise have to pay for, but we will willingly do this for the sake of our little scholars.

When the subscription is paid, the candidate's name will immediately be entered on the register of candidates for the preliminary examination.

**THERE IS NO FEE FOR THUS REGISTERING A CANDIDATE'S NAME.**

The scholarships will of course be awarded to the candidate obtaining the most votes, and any candidate can of course vote for him or herself.

No newsagent can be a voter—at least he must give up being a newsagent first.

No boy or girl need hesitate to enter this novel competition on the score of ignorance.



Mother. "WHY, ETHEL, YOU MUSTN'T BE SAD ON YOUR BIRTHDAY. WHAT IS IT?"

Ethel. "WELL, TOMMY 'LL BE EIGHT NEXT MONTH, AND THEN HE 'LL BE A YEAR OLDER THAN ME AGAIN, AND I'VE TRIED SO HARD TO CATCH HIM UP."

IT'S MONEY THAT COUNTS.

N.B.—No girl, woman, or other female engaged to (or by) a newsagent is eligible for the competition.

Fuller particulars next week, but

GET YOUR MONEY READY NOW.

"Old Reader.—Yes, a man who works down a coal mine is called a collier."—*Sheffield Daily Telegraph*.

To think of the years and years "Old Reader" has been taking in the paper and wondering whether he dared ask this question.

"I myself a week ago jumped on a car at Somerset House and had alighted at Temple-avenue before I realised that I had not paid my penny."—*Daily News*.

Quite right; the fare is a ha'penny.

From the prospectus of an Indian conjurer:—

"An attractive sight and strange to see that is done through mesmerism and magic—

How, to hold the firing bullet by the hand—

To mention the secret after feeling the pulse—

To Break the watch into pieces and to show it again in the same state."

We have always felt that we could do the last without any trouble.

**Things you Ought to Know.**

"A Jemadar of the Zhob levy corps has deserted from the Saradarga post with 22 sowars. The Jemadar is a Jogezi Kakar."—*Reuter's Telegram*.

This is indeed a painful surprise. The very last thing we suspected the Jemadar of being was a Jogezi Kakar. Even now it may not be too late for him to withdraw.



# DISCIPLINE FOR SERVANTS.

DEAR Mamma's plan for disciplining her servants was not a success. It was a good plan, but we never had the proper kind of servant.

The idea came to Mamma when first the new Workmen's Compensation Act came into operation. She took out a policy against July 1st, and said it was a splendid opportunity to begin an entirely new *régime* in kitchen control.

Up to then, as dear Mamma said when outlining the scheme, she had no hold over the servants—no way of punishing them. Her plan was a combined system of punishments and rewards. Each servant, in addition to her regular wages, was to receive—if entitled thereto, as Mamma said—five shillings a month Conduct Money. Every time a maid incurred Mamma's displeasure a small fine would be inflicted and deducted from the five shillings.

Mamma was most enthusiastic about it. She went to the stationer's and bought a little note-book bound in red leather. On the cover she had stamped in gold lettering:

## CONDUCT REGISTER.

At the head of the first page was printed

### COOK-GENERAL.

#### FINES.

And halfway through the book

### HOUSE-PARLOURMAID.

#### FINES.

Two new servants came in just then, and dear Mamma explained the system to them and showed them the book. They were very pleased, and the cook-general told Mamma it would "fairly keep her on the 'op." Though rather vulgarly put, that, as dear Mamma said, was the right sentiment, and she expressed the belief that her servant troubles were at last at an end.

A rough scale of fines was agreed upon—one penny, for example, for each minute late. Papa said that was a bit steep, but dear Mamma said: "If discipline is not discipline, what is it?" Papa said: "I leave it to you, partner," and went to bed. This was the first night of the new *régime*.

The servants overslept themselves next morning and came down an hour late.

Dear Mamma was very distressed about it. You see, sixty minutes at a penny a minute is five shillings, and there was the whole Conduct Money gone at one fell swoop. A conference was held in the kitchen, and dear Mamma, on emerging, announced that the iron rod of discipline had been temporarily relaxed. She had most kindly agreed to overlook the offence, and a fresh start was to be made.

That was at half-past nine.

At a quarter to twelve, while running blithely down-stairs, dear Mamma put her foot on the dustpan, carried away a rack of Zulu assegais in a wild clutch to save herself, and sat down very abruptly indeed.

There is no need to repeat what she said to the house-parlourmaid, but she ended up by saying, "And your whole five shillings is gone—*Gone!* understand that clearly!"

If you will believe me, the girl went upstairs, put on her hat and jacket, and walked straight out of the house!

Rather to dear Mamma's surprise—for it is her experience that servants always combine together against the mistress—the cook-general quite took her part over this unfortunate incident. She said that Mamma was well rid of the house-parlourmaid, because the girl had been very rude behind dear Mamma's back about her good conduct money, and had said she would demand it at the end of the month whether she earned it or not. The cook-general went on to say that for her part she would much better appreciate the scheme if Mamma would give her her five shillings now. She said it would seem much more like a reprimand to her if she actually had to hand over a fine than if she were deprived of money she had never so much as seen.

Partly because there seemed something in this theory, and partly because she was afraid the cook-general might object to being single-handed, dear Mamma agreed, and gave the five-shillings—also permission to pop out and post a letter to a friend who might be willing to take the vacant situation.

"The girl is a treasure," said dear Mamma, as she watched her turn the corner with the letter in her hand.

At half-past eleven that night two policemen brought her to the house quite incapable. It was most wretched. Of course we could not have her in, and she was taken to the police-station.

We had never lost two servants quite so quickly before, and Papa said it was all through the Conduct Money scheme, which hurt dear Mamma very much.

She said that with such wretched servants it had not had a fair trial, and when the next maids came in she explained everything to them and started it again.

At the end of the month fourpence was due to the cook-general and a penny to the house-parlourmaid. They were very rude about it, and actually refused to take their rewards. Dear Mamma, however, talked them over, carried forward the fourpence and the penny, and they promised they would set themselves not to lose a farthing during the coming month.

Dear Mamma had hardly left the

kitchen when the cook-general dropped and broke a plate.

Mamma turned back. "Ah, Mary, Mary," she said with a kind smile, picking up the conduct-register, "that's threepence."

"Ho! is it? Well, that's sixpence," said the girl, and deliberately dashed a second plate on the floor!

The fine for rudeness was a shilling, but dear Mamma thought it best not to enter it just then. The way in which things mounted up after that was extraordinary. Dear Mamma just entered them as they came, but in adding them up she found to her horror that the cook-general owed her £1 3s. 7d., and the house-parlourmaid owed her 19s. 11½d.

It was while dear Mamma was explaining this to Papa and begging him for once in his life to go in and speak to the servants that there came from the kitchen a loud crash followed by terrific screams.

We rushed in, and there was the cook-general executing a fascinating little dance on one leg round and round the table. She collapsed on a chair presently, and then it appeared that she had upset the kettle and scalded her foot. The doctor said it was trifling, but she said that a very similar shock, only not quite so bad, had killed her aunt, and that for months and months the mere sight of a kettle would set her all of a tremble.

We sent her home, and then the young man from the insurance company, after interviewing her, came to see us. Dear Mamma and I watched him go jauntily down the drive, and then Papa came in. Papa's lips were flecked with foam. He could hardly speak.

"Whatever is it?" dear Mamma cried.

"It's this Conduct Money of yours," stormed Papa, using a regrettable adjective. "On the policy I said the girl's wages were £1 10s. a month, but she tells the Company she was receiving £1 15s., and the Company is going to repudiate the claim! Of all the——!" and so on.

Our case comes on next week. Dear Mamma is living with her mother and Papa is preparing to file his petition in Bankruptcy.

According to *The Times* there is now on view at 167, Piccadilly, "a fine mounted hippopotamus." But it does not say who is the rider. Can Mr. G. K. C—— have taken to the saddle?

## Making the Beautiful yet More Beautiful.

"Lady knits lovely gentlemen's silky ties."—*Hearth and Home.*





## SWEET MEMORIES.

*Pension Enquiry Officer.* "HAVE YOU EVER BEEN IN THE HANDS OF THE POLICE?"

*Applicant.* "WELL—ER—SIR, YOU SEE I USED TO BE A COOK! GIRLS WILL BE GIRLS! BESIDES, IT WAS A GOOD MANY YEARS AGO, AND HE WAS A SERGEANT!"

## WHAT EVERY GOLFER KNOWS.

GONE are my accustomed jolly,  
Dimpling smiles, and in their place  
Ugly lines of melancholy  
Play the mischief with my face;  
No, I do not mourn a folly,  
Nor a merited disgrace,  
Fortune has not handled me severely,  
Scandal has not soiled my precious  
name,—  
Worse, far worse than either, I am clearly  
Off my game.

Drives are pulled or sliced to blazes,  
Putts are off the line and short,  
With each shot my mashie raises  
Turf enough to build a fort;  
Till the caddie-boy betrays his  
Wondering pity with a snort,  
And I burn with thoughts I dare not  
utter,  
And I long to seize him by the head,  
Treat him as a ball, and with my putter  
Lay him dead.

Courage! Shall a pilule shatter  
My established mental state?  
Rather it (I mean the latter)  
Shall in trouble prove me great;

Courage! Mind is more than matter;  
Man is master of his fate;  
Boldly will I smite the ball, and slam it  
Whizzing to the middle of next week;  
Mind is more than—There, I've only  
(Bother!)  
Smashed my cleek!

## FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

*Steak farci.*—Procure some new bicycle tyre (it *must* be new) and apply heat until it is the right colour. Stuff with comic snips; add laughing gas to taste, and serve with suitable facetiae. This simple dish will cause the greatest merriment among your guests.

*Mock Duck.*—Purchase good-sized duck at a respectable toy-shop, remove cog-wheels and immerse in boiling water until ready. Employ a ventriloquist to quack while the meal is in progress. This is a capital dish for informal gatherings.

*A nice Sandwich.*—Take a loaf of bread (any kind of loaf will do), bisect it and insert some watercress. A capital dish for bazaars and charity dinners.

*Poor Man's Pie.*—Throw a stone through pastry-cook's window and

secure nearest pie. Then run very fast. Eat while running, and deposit dish anywhere convenient.

*Haggis.*—Take the viscera of any Celtic animal and, having desiccated same, enclose in cheese-cloth. Serve with bagpipe accompaniment and references to BURNS. Many a pleasant party has been made to "go" in this way.

From *The New Reformer* (Madras):—

"At such times of self-renunciation in our own life, it is only supreme renunciation that appeals to us; and anything short of that, we feel, would be an inadequate support and stay for the soul. George Eliot realised this fact, and in the 'Milk on the Floor,' where life goes very hard with her heroine and all the world seems against her, the novel represents Maggie Tulliver as turning . . ."

A new reform indeed; and what a mess it makes of the old index joke, "'Mill on Logic,' 'Ditto on the Floss.'"

"We congratulate Capt. Sandys on having added his name to that noble band of intrepid navigators who have circumvented the globe."  
—*Weston-super-Mare Gazette.*

Other intrepid navigators simply take in *The Evening Standard.*



### AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.

*Farmer (to lad put to ploughing for the first time.)* "WHAT ON EARTH BE AT, MESSIN' ABOUT ALL OVER THE PLACE LIKE THIS?"

*Farm Lad.* "WULL, YOU TOLD I TO LOOK AT SUMMAT AN' GO STRAIGHT TO IT, AN' I BIN TRYIN' TO FOLLER THIC THER COW TILL I BE TIRE, AN' NOW I BE WAITING FOR 'ER TO LIE DOWN!"

#### RESCUES FOR THE RICH.

For souls as blithe as birds in May,  
Whose balance at their bank is such  
That, if the business burst to-day,  
The news would not excite them much,  
How sad to see our millionaires  
Pursue the treadmill of their cares  
And lose the cream of life in Mammon's  
clutch.

These have not felt the scorn for bills  
That comes of being stony-broke;  
They cannot taste the calm that fills  
The coster as he flogs his moke;  
The deep imperishable bliss  
Of writing deathless verse like this  
Is not for them—nor that of carting  
coke.

But should we scorn our fellow-men  
Merely because their lot is woe,  
And leave them unassisted when  
They pine for succour? Goodness,  
no,  
The wail of outcast plutocrats  
In marble halls with Persian mats  
To honest British hearts is bound to go.

Is there no high-strung altruist,  
Devoid of words and windy sham,  
To lead a small subscription list  
And all these welling tears to dam:  
To found a farm or outdoor home  
Where kings of trade may till the loam  
And feed on turnip-tops and bread-  
and-jam?

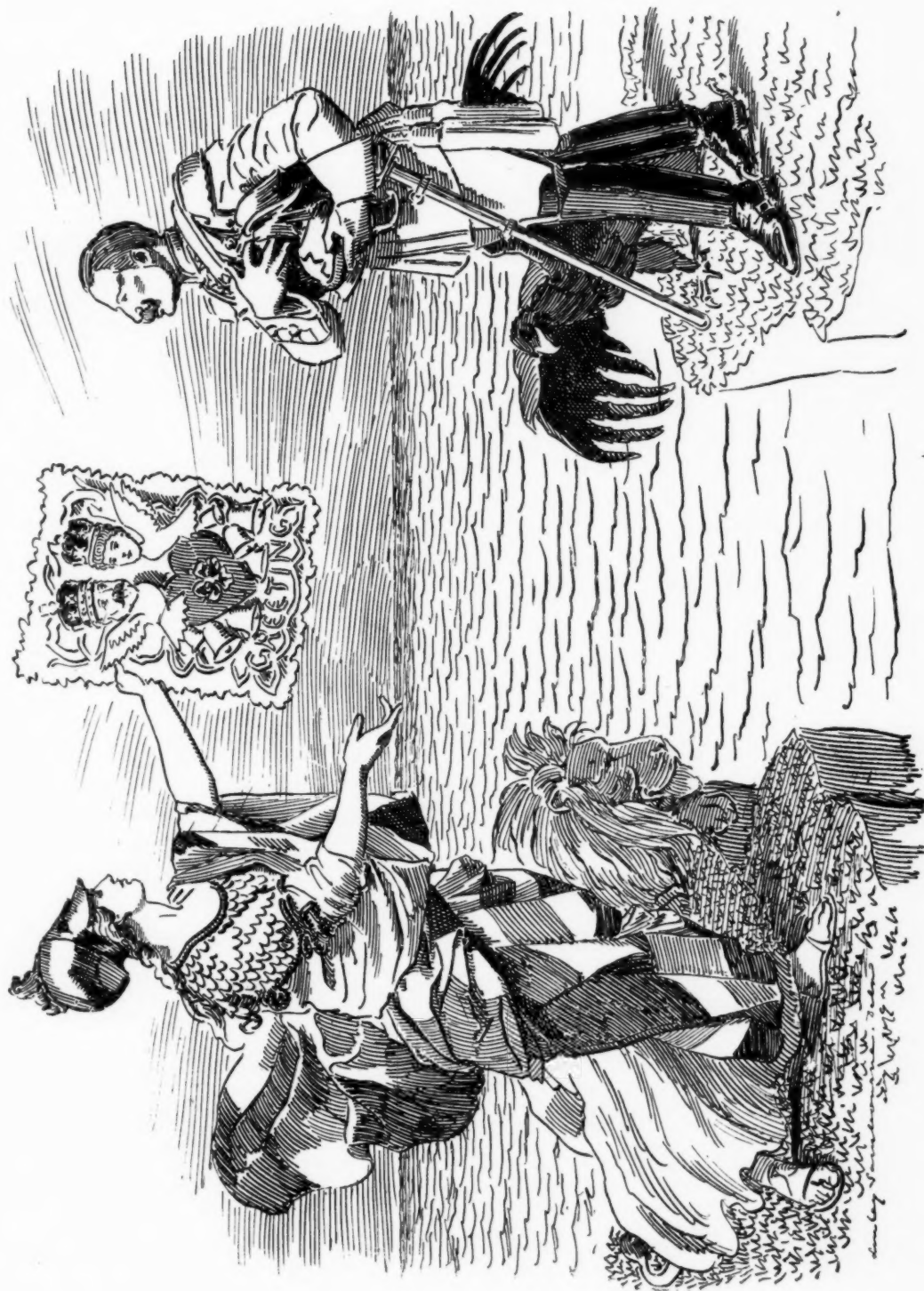
Far from the gilded haunts of wealth,  
There they might live in joy untold,

And doubtless benefit their health  
By long communion with the mould;  
While I'd be glad (since love ordains  
Self-sacrifice for others' gains)  
To ease them of the burden of their  
gold.

A waiter in the Folkestone hotel  
referred to in a recent number of *Punch*  
writes to say that the hotel motto,  
"*Semper Idem*" does not mean, as we  
thought, "Mutton Again," but "No  
Change."

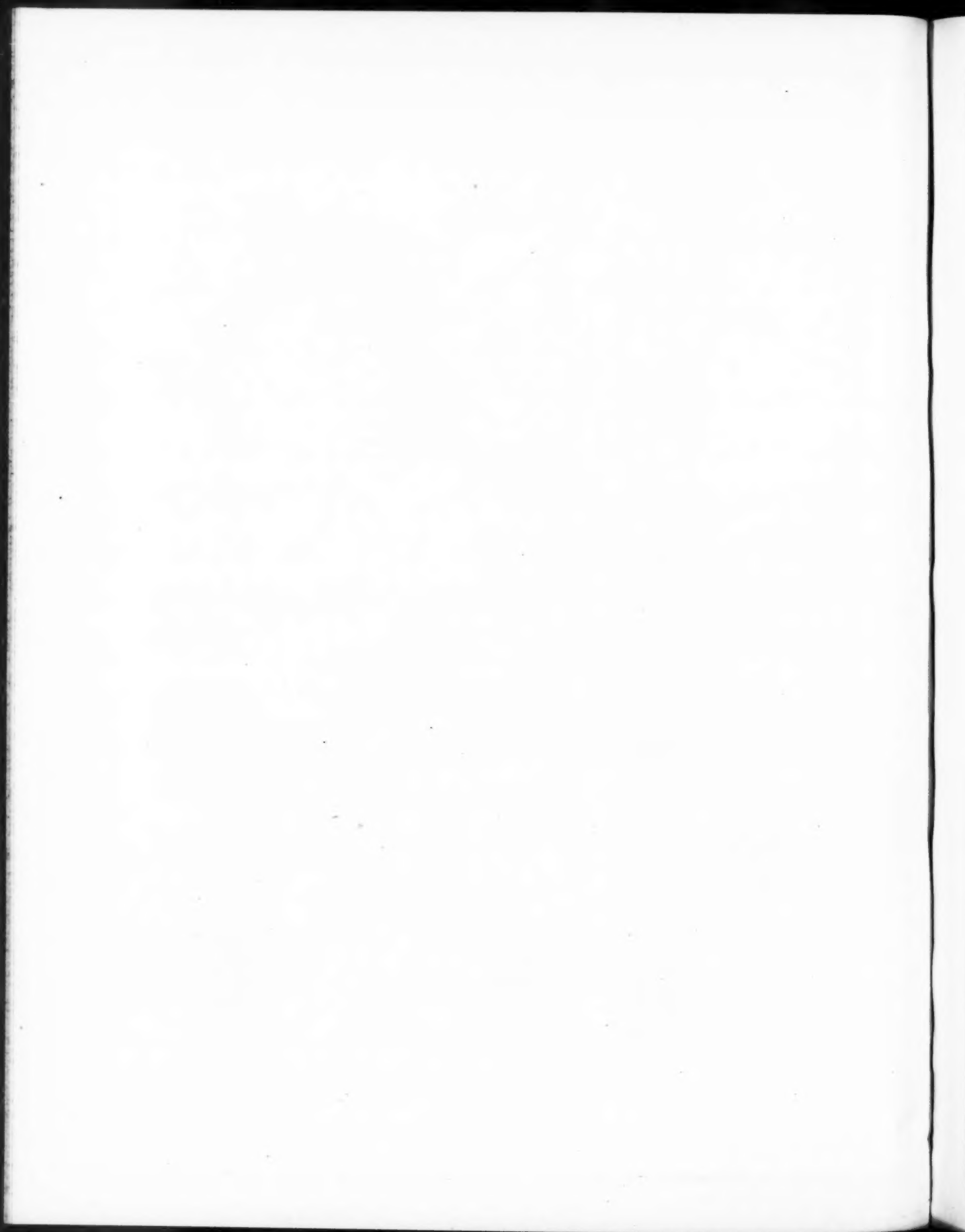
"Lawson launched a large piece of time and  
saved the boy."

It is well known that a piece of time  
saves nine, and this boy was only six.



BRITANNIA'S VALENTINE.





## THE DAILY PAR.

(With acknowledgments to the ingenious Office Window of "The Daily Chronicle.")

A *propos* of the new patriotic play, it is interesting to note that "An," the first word of its title, *An Englishman's Home*, is by no means an unusual article. Quite a number of successful plays, and a few failures, too, have had "an" in them. Queen An, as this writer observed at a luncheon party at his Club yesterday, is thus by no means dead.

To call oneself "A Patriot," as the author of *An Englishman's Home* does, is not, by the way, a new departure. There have been Patriots before. A book entitled *This Little Isle*, published in 1835, a copy of which lies before the writer, is attributed to "a patriot," and it is generally understood that the poet CLOSE once wrote a pamphlet under that interesting pseudonym. The great days for jokes on the subject are, however, over; but there was a time when every disturbance in Ireland was wittily called a Pat riot.

The author of *An Englishman's Home* has not the same reasons for shunning publicity as had JOHN HOME, the author of the play which gave rise to the patriotic ejaculation, "Whaur's your WULLIE SHAKSPEARE noo?" who might be called the Scotsman's Home. Men who take pseudonyms have various reasons for doing so; not the least of which is that they do not want to be known. But "A Patriot" has been found out already.

The success of *An Englishman's Home* cannot fail to recall to the minds of many of our readers the *furor* caused a few years ago by the publication of a not dissimilarly-entitled work, *An Englishwoman's Love Letters*. That, too, by a strange coincidence, was anonymous, but it turned out to be the work, not of a major in the Army, but a gentleman of letters. The coincidence goes further than at first sight one would think, for what is an Englishman's home but his house? and the author of *An Englishwoman's Love Letters* was a Mr. HOUSMAN.

## THE KING OF THE CASTLE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—My poor, dear Papa went mad last Wednesday. When he and Mamma went up to the theatre in the evening he seemed all right, but on Thursday morning he was a different man. After breakfast he told us to keep our places. I thought he was going to begin family prayers again, as he usually does early in the year. But

High Street and bought a rusty old gun from a second-hand shop, and the iron-monger's boy came with a truckful of barbed wire. All the afternoon Papa made Norman and Peter help him to hammer stakes in the lawns and flower-beds round the house, while Phyllis and I were told to look at the gun and try to master its mechanism—for even the girls, he said, had a part to play. The gun was very rusty and wouldn't work,

and we made our hands in a fearful mess without finding out anything. And the two boys, besides hammering their thumbs, got muddy and hot and cross.

The next morning Papa woke the boys at six, and made them go out on to the lawn to drill. Norman had the gun, and Peter a broomstick, because he is so little. They came in to breakfast crosser than ever. In the evening they had to take the barbed wire and stretch it between the stakes—constructing entanglements, Papa called it. It was left out all night, and next morning, after drill, they took it all in again, only to repeat the thing all over again at night. That has gone on ever since, and their clothes and hands are in a fearful state because of the spikes. Norman is so cross because Papa won't let him have any cartridges until he is sixteen, and says that for the present he must practise putting the gun to his shoulder and aiming.

Every now and again Papa takes Phyllis and me into a corner, and says we must be brave, and show stout hearts, and stand by the men to help them all we can. He has made us sleep in the back attic, which he calls the West Watch-tower, where, he says, I am to practise watching. Phyllis gets so frightened, she can't sleep. And on Saturday, being a half-holiday, we had barricading practice, which meant dragging the furniture across all the doors and windows, and piling it up as high as we could.

Mamma looks so anxious and puzzled about it all. What do you think it means? Is it serious, and will it last, do you think?

Yours affectionately,

JOAN TRASKELL.

Lashgrove Lodge, Streatham.



LORD DALMENY sings:—"I'M FOLLOWING IN FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS, YES, I'M FOLLOWING THE DEAR OLD DAD!"

instead he told us that an Englishman's house was his castle, and that while we had neither moat nor drawbridge we must see to it that our castle was defended from the invader. He was awfully solemn, and added that at least it should be said of his house that it was defended—to the death, if need be; and that made Phyllis cry.

We soon discovered that Papa thought that the house was about to be surrounded by foreign soldiers. I don't know where he got it from—I could see nothing about it in the paper. Instead of going to the City he went up to the

## LITERARY HELP.

SOME of our contemporaries, taking compassion on the literary aspirant in his difficulties, are prepared to furnish him, by way of help, with a candid criticism of his efforts. So good an example is worthy of imitation, and to-day we offer the following comments on MSS. that have been submitted to us:—

JOHN MILTON.—You seem to have a certain facility in turning out blank verse, but your poem *Paradise Lost* is insufferably long, and full of wearisome classical allusions. We feel sure that no editor would accept it. And yet there are ideas in the poem. You might, we think, have made a good deal more of Adam's first meeting with Eve. The piece, too, would be greatly improved by the use of suitable headlines, such as

Was it Love at first sight?

Interesting Story of how the First Man met the First Woman.

Was Eve a Suffragette? (N.B.—This last headline, though irrelevant to the poem, would be sure to prick the public attention in these troublous days, and we cannot too strongly insist that the only test of a work is its selling capacity. This is a point too often overlooked by beginners like yourself.)

No, we do not think you have enough ability to win a Limerick prize.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.—Your play *Hamlet* is not without merit; there are indeed passages in it of which no practised hand would be ashamed, and we have little doubt that, if you persevere, you will in time write stuff good enough for the provincial stage. What we especially like about this little effort is that there is plenty of blood in it. We suggest that you cut out all the soliloquies, and tone the language up more.

ROBERT BURNS.—There is no demand for the Scotch dialect poem: even the Scotch dialect story has gone out of fashion. Your only chance of success would be to have a few of your efforts set to music, and then forward them to your countryman, HARRY LAUDER, in the hope of his bringing them out at the Halls. You seem to have a leaning towards sentimental verse: you might develop this vein, taking as a model *In the Twi-Twi-Twilight*.

Study the works of the late GUY BOOTHBY and *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab*.

PERCY B. SHELLEY.—Your lines are very fair, but you are by no means happy in your choice of subjects. You must study the popular taste more. The public does not want Laments. You should give them something in the style of *Put me among the Girls*. You would perhaps do better in prose. Why not try your hand at a football story for the magazines?

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.—Do not be discouraged though your efforts have so far met with rejection. Have you read the verses, *Will you love me in December as you do in May*? Take these as a model: we think you are quite capable of rising to this level... Yes, a really good coster song, witty and up-to-date, would be sure of acceptance.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.—We have glanced through your *Rasselas*. You appear to have set out with a very hazy idea as to whether you would write in English or Latin, and the result is a grotesque mixture. Before beginning a work, it is always well to decide what language you will write it in.

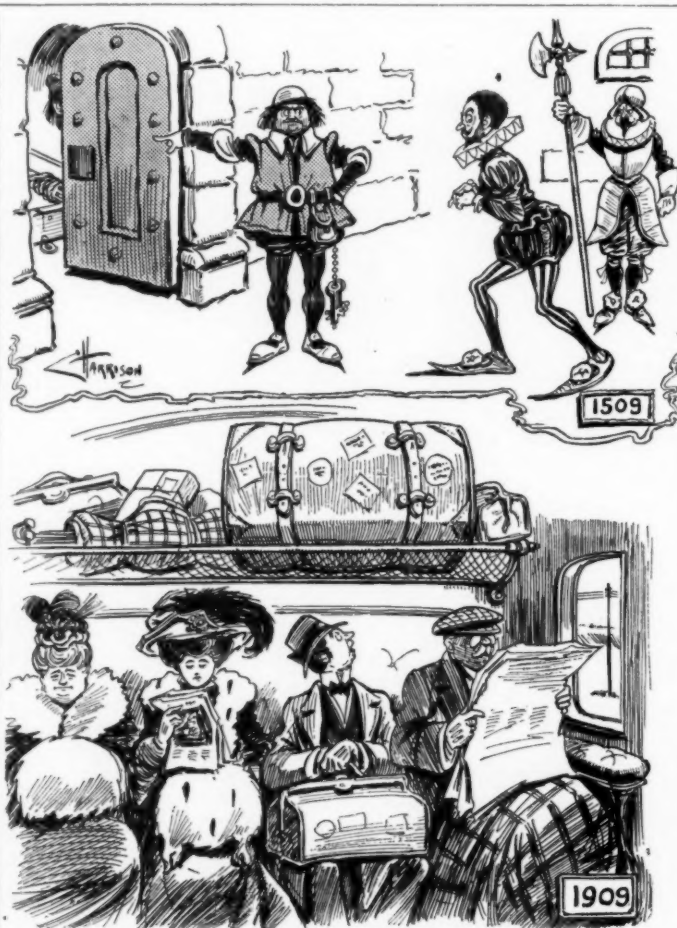
ROBERT BROWNING.—We should not advise you to write songs for the music-halls. Your style is not direct enough to get home on the public's heart.

"Well-concealed entrenchments are mentioned as becoming more evident every day."—*Western Morning News*.

This is not another joke against the Volunteers by a Major in the Regular Army, but an extract from the *Western Morning News*' summary of Instructions issued to the Aldershot Command.

"Author of dramatic and successful serials wishes to meet publisher willing to consider same."—*The Athenaeum*.

Perhaps he would consider the publisher best by making no reference to his serials when they meet.



THE TORTURE OF THE RACK.

FRANCIS BACON.—The public does not read essays. If you aspire to be a leading-article writer, you must acquire a snappier style. No, we do not allow that anyone can be the author of another man's plays. To be the author of a work, one must have written it oneself.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.—Your story *The Vicar of Wakefield* is exceedingly tame, and we do not think any editor would take it. The public is more interested in burglars and detectives than in vicars. But you are capable of improvement, both in style and plot.





### "INSULT OR INJURY."

*First Farmer.* "WHAT FOR DO YE ALL GO RIDIN' OVER THE MIDDLE OF THAT FIELD? VARMER LIKE YOU OUGHT TO KNOW IT WOR YOUNG SEEDS."  
*Second Farmer (with old score to work off).* "LAW BLESS US, ZO IT BE! WELL NOW, I COULDN'T ZEE UN FUR DANDELIONS."

### TYING THE WHITE TIE.

(BY THE COLONEL.)

MORE matches, I suppose, are won and lost through correct or faulty manipulation of the neckwear than through success or failure in any other department of the costume; and in response to numerous appeals from my readers, I have drawn up some rules which, with a little practice, should enable the ordinary amateur to obtain a fair modicum of proficiency in this difficult stroke.

*Choice of Implement.*—Select a tie with a fairly whippy shaft (the stiff kind supplied by so many laundries are impossible for a beginner) and a large head; you may please yourself as to the amount of bulge, but in any case the blade should be capable of being passed through a two-inch ring.

*The Stance.*—Plant both feet firmly on the floor in front of the mirror (which should be full length), turn the toes slightly inward, loosen the knees, and let the whole body be as supple as possible.

*The Up-swing.*—Tie a double slip-knot

and take the left-hand end slowly backwards over the right shoulder, keeping your eye firmly fixed on the underneath side of the head of the collar-stud, and your hands well away from the body; at the top of the swing the blade of the tie should be parallel with the ground, and one foot slightly lifted. Always remember that what the up-swing has been, the down-swing will be, and never lose sight of the stud.

*The Down-swing.*—Keeping the left shoulder slightly tucked in, throw both arms away, loop the two ends, knot firmly, and come well through with the body. If you have followed my instructions carefully a beautifully long straight cravat will be the result, probably half-way to the pin. Never mind a few failures. Rosin the hands well, alter the stance a little, re-adjust the links, and start again.

### Territorial Forethought.

"The Commanding-officer invites all members of the detachment to a supper at the Lyn Valley Hotel; dress, uniform, without belts."—*Devon and Exeter Gazette.*

### THE PAGEANT MASTER SPEAKS.

MR. PUNCH'S Pageant having come to a close, he takes this opportunity of thanking his many friends for assisting, not only by their loans of articles of interest, but also by their presence in such numbers, in making the Exhibition so memorably successful.

"Exmouth are due to receive a visit from Exmouth, but though a stubborn game is assured, if Exmouth can reproduce the form they displayed against Albion last Saturday, there should be no doubt as to which way victory will go."—*Western Morning News.*

In spite of this, however, we are inclined to pin our faith to Exmouth.

The following testimonial is circulated by an Indian sports store, and has led, we understand, to a huge increase of business:—

"Dear Sirs,—The balls were ordinary and I think they were not much below their class for the price paid for them. The Solution was not very bad either."

## GLASS WITH CARE.

THIS is the story of how I sent some real German glass from Berlin to England through the German parcels post.

It doesn't sound exciting. But wait.

It started with a letter from my sister.

"... And, oh! I have heard they make very good glass in Germany, and now while you are in Berlin you might get me some real German ware to add to my collection... the real bottle-green, mind."

So, of course, I had to. There was a shop in the Leipzigerstrasse that had "January Sale on account of Death," in the window, so I went there, secured an assistant, and she showed me some glass.

"Is it expensive?" I asked.

"Oh! yes, very expensive. For the Mister sees it is the very best glass."

"I wouldn't mind if you showed me something a little cheaper, you know," I hinted.

"And yet the Mister is an Englishman, *nicht wahr?*" Her opinion of our race sank considerably. But she showed me some more.

The price was certainly less than the first, and there were plenty of people buying it; and as I know nothing about glass I decided to have some too.

"I will take a cup and saucer, and a glass," I said.

"Pay at the desk, please."

It was easy enough to pay at the desk, but quite a different matter to get one's goods afterwards. Behind the delivery counter five men—in uniform, of course—were wrapping up and handing the articles that had been sold to an excited crowd struggling in front of them. In the course of time I was forced by pressure from behind against the counter, and there I held on and watched. It was most interesting, especially as a mathematical exercise. On an average seven articles were handed in to the men every ten seconds; on an average each man handed one article out every ten seconds. Thus in an hour's time there would be 720 people in front of this counter waiting for their purchases. It was now eleven, the shop closed at eight; so at closing time there would be 6,480 people waiting. Really it was *extremely* interesting. Now, allowing that the sale lasted thirty days—but here one of the men snatched the receipt from my hand, wrapped the cup and the saucer and the glass up in a piece of tissue-paper and flung them into my arms. My hold on the counter being loosened the lady behind, whose resolution had thrust me into my advantageous position, flung me out and occupied it herself.

So that was all right. All I had to

do now was to get a box, put the glass in, and post it. It sounded easy, but in Germany one never knows. . . . I went into one of the large *Warenhause*, where they sell everything from a white elephant to a cardboard-box—no, not to a cardboard-box, for I asked the door-keeper after I had sought the right department in vain, and it appeared they did not sell such things.

"... But if the Mister buys something, he will be given a cardboard-box," he ended magnificently.

So I went into the toy department and bought a doll which I didn't really want just then, and with it the necessary box.

And now I only had to post it. Only! I went into a post-office. They are annoying things, German post-offices, for there are a lot of little windows, each for a different purpose, and you have to find out which is the window you want.

But this time I discovered the parcels receiving window at once. There was a nasty-looking man behind it—the sort of man who would score off you if he could.

"I want to send this to England," I said.

"What is it?" he snapped.

"Samples without value," said I. Most parcels you send to England are that, and if they are not, they are—but you shall hear.

He took it somewhere into the back of his den, and after a little while returned and barked, "No, it's not."

"Then it's a packet of value," I said. (That was what I was going to tell you just now.)

"No, it's not," he barked again.

"Oh, very well, then you have me. I give it up. Call it what you like, but send it to England."

"*Ausgeschlossen*," said he, and shut his window with a bang. I knew what *ausgeschlossen* meant. It means you can't smoke a pipe in a smoking carriage. It means you can't go into a free museum without fetching a free ticket from a place three-quarters of a mile away. It means you can't walk on the left-hand side of the pavement even when it's the shop side and you want to look at the shops; or it means you can't walk on the left-hand side of the pavement even when it isn't the shop side and you don't want to look at the shops. *Ausgeschlossen* means a lot of things like that. So I didn't try to fish him out of his lair again. I could see he had taken a dislike to my parcel from the first. I resolved to work it off on someone who could view it with an open mind.

At the next post-office the parcels department was fronted completely by glass, and one could see everything that

went on behind. There was rather a nice old man at the window. That is, he looked nice.

"I want to send this to England. It's samples without value," I said.

He took it and weighed it, and had a chat with another man there about it, and then he came back and said, "I'm sorry; it's not."

So he had found it out, too.

"Then it's a package of value."

"No, it isn't that either."

"Well, anyhow, I want to send it to England."

"Just so. Now take my advice, my friend," he said. (I translate freely from the German. I have been doing that all along, you know.) "You are young, and you are an Englishman, and you are not equal to tackling the German Postal Regulations by yourself. You take it back to the shop where you bought it."

"Oh, I can't do that," I said, and looked at my watch. "At the present moment there are something like fifteen hundred people waiting to be attended to in that shop."

"Well, then, take it to any German friend and persuade him to help you; but if you rely merely on yourself you will never get rid of that parcel."

So I took it to my tobacconist, and he explained that a sample without value had to be under five hundred grammes, which my parcel was not; and a *Wertpacket* had to be in a wooden or stout cardboard box, sealed at the ends, which my parcel again was not. So far as the German post-office was concerned it was nothing, it was an impossibility.

Well, between us we packed each thing in a separate cigar-box, for he hadn't anything big enough to hold them all, wrapped them up, addressed them and sealed them. Then I took my three packages back to the old man.

"Now they are packages of value," I said.

He took them in and weighed them.

"I'm awfully sorry to disappoint you, but they are not," he said.

"Why on earth not?"

"Because they only weigh four hundred grammes each, and a *Wertpacket* has to weigh five."

It is an Englishman's boast that he never knows when he is beaten. I took those three boxes into a gunsmith's next door to the post-office.

"I want three hundred grammes of lead shot in three separate lots of one hundred each," I said.

The gunsmith, fearing the worst, helped to repack my parcels with a combination of nervousness and kindly care that was almost touching.

I took them back to the post-office in triumph.

"Now they are all right," I said.



## HIS FIRST ROUND.

*Nervous would-be Golfer.* "WHERE DO I GO NOW, BOY?"

*Caddie.* "TH' LINE 'S BETWEEN THIRD AND FOURTH LEDDY COUNTING FROM YOUR LEFT."

The old man weighed them and congratulated me.

"Four mark eighty, please," he said.

Close on five shillings seemed rather a lot to pay to send three pieces of glass to England; but I did not mind. I had succeeded in the herculean task.

"Might I ask how you brought them up to weight?" he said.

I told him.

"Then it will be three mark extra, please."

"Whatever for?" I asked.

"Duty on the export of ammunition," he said.

I know now why the German Post Office puts its officials in a glass case. It is to prevent their being assaulted by infuriated foreigners.

"And look here," he added, as he picked up the three mark, "why didn't you wrap the three boxes in one piece of brown paper, and send the whole as one *Wertpacket* for one mark sixty?"

Why, oh why didn't I buy a revolver when I was in that gunsmith's?

And to-day I had another letter from my sister . . . "The parcels arrived quite safely; but what funny notions of packing boys have. Fancy putting lead shot in with glass! And, Tommy, you must have misunderstood me. I wanted real German glass. This is bottle-green,

and very nice and all that, but it has got on the bottom 'Jorbett and Jebb, Stourbridge, England.' It seems rather a pity to send glass all the way from Berlin back to within twenty miles of where it was made. . . ."

What's the good of Germany being a Protectionist country?

What's the good of Germany, anyway?

## LINES FOR A BIRTHDAY.

You said, "I know you cannot get  
Me half the pretties you would like to;  
Three extra gowns, a tiarette,  
A pianola, and a bike too;  
You can't give me those things for  
which I pant--"

I murmured, "True, my love, I know I can't."

I waited, anxious and dismayed,  
As on some raft the last survivor—  
Your ultimatum, thus delayed,  
Might still disintegrate a fiver—  
And heard these words of easement and  
good cheer—

"Write me a little Birthday Ode this year."

Ah, if your milliner would take  
A rondel for each blouse or bonnet;  
If men who butch and men who bake  
Accepted, "on account," a sonnet;

If gas and water men endorsed your views,  
I'd write in any meter they might choose.

How pleasant, too, on quarter day,  
Instead of cheque or golden pieces  
To hand the landlord for his pay  
A "Pantom of Repairing Leases,"  
And hear him blithely chant it down  
the street,  
Before I file his much-esteemed receipt.

An empty dream; the bills pour in  
For goods that tradesmen say I  
ordered;  
Duns in the doorway raise their din,  
Daily my goings-out are wardered.  
Take, dear, this thought for birthday  
diadem—

"I owe you even more than I owe them."

## Commercial Candour.

"About a quar er of a century ago a new stamp business came into existence and steadily forged ahead."—From a circular.

From a Queen's Hall programme:

"This mood, he tells us, was fostered by reading Bulwer Lytton's 'Rienzi, or The Last of the Barons.'"

A sequel, if we remember right, to *Harold's Last Days at Pompeii*.



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

As a rule the republication of political speeches is not a profitable enterprise either for the publisher or the reader. JOSEPH COWEN, for some time Member for Newcastle, was an exceptional man, and exception is created in the case of his utterances on public affairs. His *Speeches* (LONGMANS), edited by his daughter, deal with the stirring events dating from the Bulgarian Atrocities of 1876 to the General Election of 1885, the last great triumph of Liberalism at the polls under the leadership of Mr. GLADSTONE. Mr. COWEN accurately described his position in the political world when, addressing his constituents in the Town Hall, Newcastle, twenty-nine years ago, he said, "I am not a conventional adherent to the fashionable Liberalism of the hour, but I am a lifelong Radical by conviction, sympathy, training and taste." Above all things he was what is to-day known as an Imperialist. Some of his finest speeches harped on the theme of the Empire. Amongst non-official Members of the House of Commons he was the last survivor of the small tribe of orators. He did not often speak, but he never joined in debate without lifting it alike in spirit and in eloquence to the highest level. One of his most memorable efforts, deeply moving a crowded House, was his speech on the Bill by which DISRAELI conferred upon his Royal Mistress the title Empress of India. This does not appear in the present volume, but may not be omitted from the complete edition of his speeches promised by Miss JANE COWEN.

*The Story of Virginia Perfect* (METHUEN) can be divided into two parts, before and after the death of R. Perfect ("Working Jeweller. Clocks and Watches repaired on the Premises.") Concerning *Perfect* there is little to say except that he lived at 17, Madrigal Street, Clerkenwell, and was entirely unworthy of his name. His philanderings, however, gave *Virginia* ample opportunities to display forbearance, and I was beginning to think that she was far too patient a wife, when an accident made her a widow. Up to this point I feel that Miss PEGGY WEBLING has drawn an almost unnaturally faultless heroine. But afterwards I have no complaint to make. Removed from the uncongenial atmosphere of Clerkenwell to that of Bohemian London, *Virginia* gains in power without losing a jot of her simple purity, and both in her devotion to *Keble* and in her struggle for daily bread she is most engaging. The minor characters (artists and artisans) have been drawn with scrupulous care, and among them all I give my whole-hearted allegiance to *Virginia's* quaint, imperturbable boy—a sculptor in the bud. Miss WEBLING is to be congratulated upon a book which is at once fragrant and unconventional.

There is a great deal to be said for the intensive cultivation of small plots when the gardeners do their work as well as EDITH WHARTON. *The Hermit and the Wild Woman*

(MACMILLAN) is a collection of stories of which all but the first deal with minor psychological problems of a kind that only good craftsmen can hope to make interesting. The name-piece, which is rather more pretentious, and has a mediæval legend for subject, is written with a delicate simplicity that reminds me a little of some of ANATOLE FRANCE's stories in *L'Etui de Nacre*. The wild woman had been expelled from a convent for the unpardonable sin of secret ablutions (she used to steal out at night and bathe in a marble tank), and so she came to live in a cave near that of a recluse who had long ago subdued his only sinful temptation, that of writing sacred verse. The tragedy occurred when the hermit discovered that his friend had not, after all, mortified her vanity, but occasionally took a bath in the river. The remaining studies mostly deal with matters of conscience (either artistic or pecuniary) among widely differing American types, and only one (perhaps the least successful) with the conventional theme of romance. It is hard to believe that a quite ordinary young Englishman could have deluded the wife of an American professor into supposing he was in love with her, merely in order to use the pretext of their flirtation as a reason

for breaking off his engagement to a girl at home. I don't know if there is a vacancy for a hermit anywhere to-day, but if so, such a young man would be given every inducement to fill the post.

The love-affairs of a second-hand Bloomsbury bookseller, who is middle-aged at that, hardly seem at first sight very promising materials for a novel. Nor does the lady's father, a drunken reviewer—can such things be?—help the more temperate critic very greatly in his appreciation of W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE's new novel, *A*

*Soul's Awakening* (LONG). The soul is awakened at the price of a tragedy; and, as is sometimes the case in real life and almost always in fiction, the woman pays. The book opens so lightly and easily that some readers may resent the tone of the later chapters; but however that may be, Mr. SHORE's people have interested me considerably. They ring true; they act and speak naturally. And if the fate of the heroine seems rather forced at the end, it is something to be thankful for that a story which in cruder hands might have left an unpleasant taste behind is both readable and enjoyable.

"During the fifty years that have elapsed since Darwin published his 'Origin of Species' the fertility of his conceptions has been evident in fields that did not lie far within the great scientist's marginal consciousness when he was feeling his way towards the lofty generalisations that were to revolutionise man's estimate of his relation to his environment."—*Glasgow Herald*.

It was at the word "environment" that the office-boy gave a shrill whistle, and came up bashfully with a slice of lemon on a plate.

"THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.  
LAST WEEK."

—Theatrical Poster.

Otherwise, *The House that Jerry Built*.



Roadmender (as the local Professor of Hygiene hurries past). "THERE 'E GOES. CATCHIN' 'IS DEATH FOR THE GOOD OF 'IS 'EALTH."